July 14, 1825

Today was horrible. That is the only way I can describe it. Today we set out at the crack of dawn, like usual. Papa said since we had past Fort Larned and stocked up on supplies, we could be able to make it to Fort Mann in ten days at the most. I was so excited that we would be at our new home, a new place so very soon. Also, did I tell you that when we got new supplies, Momma bought me a new dress! It’s very nice, with blacks and blues, it reminds me of her. I’m wearing it as I write in the dark, but there is still more for me to tell you, Journal. Now since we pasted the fort we had to keep going. Papa said everything would go smoothly, but he didn’t know about the Indians, how angry they were. After the usual break, when the sun is high in the sky, we feasted on fully cooked rice and beans! But, I was wondering why everyone was so quiet, usually everyone has something to say, usually whining.

Then I realized why everyone was quiet. In the distance were a couple of horses. It didn’t seem like much, but as they came closer the horses carried men. These people were not people I recognized, they had headdresses, not quite like the bonnets Momma used to wear. They had feathers on them and their skin was so dark. I was afraid, and Papa told me to get in the wagon with Mary and Momma. I listened and ran, hiding behind both of them, scared as could be. The Indians, as they were called, said we were trespassing onto their lands and weren’t supposed to be there. Momma didn’t want Papa to fight alone, so she went out. All I could hear was yelling and screaming. However, the only thing I saw was Momma. She was on the ground, with a long stick like thing through her stomach. Her screeches were what caused me to jumped and peer at what was happening. The Indians had taken her life, and my sister! Well I hope it was a girl baby, but that isn’t the point.

Momma was dead, for trespassing into Indians lands. After they killed Momma, they went away. This is when I went back into the wagon and told Mary to be quiet and to stay in here until I said so. I gave her my dolly made of straw, so she listened. Going back out, I looked at the sky. It was almost sun set when Momma died. Papa was devastated, and both of us just sat down on the ground, staring at her. After a couple of minutes, the death brought tears to our eyes. I lost my mother and Papa - the love of his life.

However, Mary found us. She is too young to know what death means. We told her that Momma was just sleeping, and that we would have to leave her here. Mary agreed without hesitation. However, once we put her behind a couple of huge, rocks a bit away from the wagon, I didn’t want to leave her. Papa made me, that’s life for you. By time we got back to moving, it was dusk. The horses we had were tired, but I pushed to go further. We stopped when the moon was half way up into the night sky. Cooking a little bit of bacon, while Papa and Mary got ready for bed, it was all silent. Just like I said before, today was horrible.

By:

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